

no more. The next moment a wild shriek was heard, and Mrs. Morse, the boy's stepmother, appeared at her window calling for help. At the risk of his life, Philip Goldstein climbed up the burning structure and rescued her. When the fire had been subdued, the body of young Groffield was found, terribly burned, just on the threshold of the door of his mother's room, where he had gone to search for her.—*Exchange*.

THE BABIES OF A SINGLE YEAR

It will probably startle a good many persons to find that, could the infants of a year be ranged in a line in cradles, the cradles would extend around the globe. Imagine the babies being carried past a given point in their mother's arms one by one, and the procession being kept up night and day until the last hour in the twelve months had passed by. Going past at the rate of twenty a minute, twelve hundred an hour during the entire year, the reviewer at his post would only have seen the sixth part of the infantile host.

In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the tramp began would be able to walk when but a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the reviewer's post, and when the year's supply of babes was drawing to a close there would be a rearguard, not of infants, but of romping six year-old children.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

THE HOMELESS MAN

B. C. MOOMAW

How often do we read, as a comment upon some tragedy of accident or despair in the daily record of the unknown and the friendless, that he was "a homeless man." And how seldom do we look out from the enveloping comfort of our happier situation upon the pathos and sorrow of a lot in which not even the most cynical, those who discredit the sorrows of others lest they hear the unwelcome call of duty and charity, can find an element of peace or rest. Yet how many homeless ones there are in the world; how many who have no shelter but the sky, and no couch but the clods. How many millions who have a shelter only by sufferance and tribute, where the home feeling is discouraged by the persistent menace of precarious tenure, the caprice of fortune whose darkening frown so often sheds the gloom of adversity. It is not home where no home affections, no clinging of the heart of life's sacred places, no treasuring of precious memories, no building of holy shrines, can for a moment be allowed lest the sudden rending away which is almost sure to come will leave the heart torn with grievous wounds.

A "homeless man," wandering in strange places, and among strange faces

illumed with no answering smile of recognition and sympathy to lighten his heart, and lift his thoughts out of the melancholy gloom of loneliness and desolation. Very far away from his soul and from his experience is the vaunted brotherhood of man. Another vision stares at him out of its eyes of stone; it is the stone world. And this stone world articulates its thoughts: "He is homeless because he is dissipated, or lazy, or shiftless, or a spendthrift." And forthwith this nullifies all claims upon the consideration of the well fed and the well groomed, and the cynical old stone world passes by, unless indeed it stops long enough to give the "homeless man" a kick and a curse. A starving day, a freezing night, a fall or a plunge into lethean darkness, a silent journey to the potters' field, where by an open grave the Recording Angel, quoting the words of One who "had not where to lay his head," writes. "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these," and the story for a time is ended,—for a time, but not for an eternity.

For ever since the day that father Adam came sorrowfully down from that eastern gate of paradise, once as beautiful as the morning but now with dreadful faces thronged and fiery falchions guarded,—came heartbroken and desolate down into the world, forever away from the radiant home which once seemed so secure, he has been the father of all the generations of homeless men. From the very beginning and down thro all these generations the genesis of sin, of weakness, of degeneracy, of oppression, of the cumulative influences which have darkened the intellect and blotted out the soul, has been heaping up the heritage of the wanderer and the vagabond, so that he reaps the reward, not merely of his own weakness and sin, but the weaknesses and the sins and the woes of a hundred generations. Yet from the serene heights of our self-exaltation, the accidental pedestal of capricious fortune, or the equally accidental environment of moral respectability, we look down upon his ragged and shivering form more in scorn than in pity, as if the only ethics we were bound to heed was the survival of the fittest, that favored fittest to be selected by a franchise in which the outcast could never aspire to have a voice. What if this survival of the fittest, to the refuge of which we fly with such prompt alacrity, should in the eternal judgment turn its crushing weight of pitiless logic upon the question of our own destiny, and write it in somber letters of doom?

There belongs to the cult of the "homeless man" One before whom Archangels bow in prostrate adoration. Of all his affliction this was the most pathetic, that the "Son of man had not where to lay his head," and of all his

offices this is the most endearing that he is the Christ of the desolate and the homeless. Amid the joy and glory and hope wrought out by his love and his agony this is the most blessed, that for the homeless he has provided "a home in heaven" for "in my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you; and I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also."

The Christian Life

A Cry

FRED LOCKLEY, JR.

Clean hands, O Lord, I pray,
Give thou to me!
Draw thou my heart this day
Nearer to Thee.

Purge from my guilty soul
Sin's crimson stain,
And from my heart now roll
Burden of pain.

Thou, Father, knowest well
How weak am I,
And Thou alone can tell
Of tear and sigh.

Pressed down by cares and grief,
Weary of life,
Fain would I seek relief,
Freedom from strife.

My strength will not avail
Sin to oppose.
How oft I try, but fail,
Only God knows.

Help Thou my unbelief,
Teach me to pray;
Then will I find relief
In God's own way.

Now with a contrite heart
Come I to Thee,
Seeking that better part,
Seeking for Thee.

My will is merged in Thine!
Now all is love;
Rest, peace, and joy is mine,
And home above.

PRAYER MEETING TOPICS

PARABLES—"LABORERS IN THE VINEYARD."—

Matt. 20: 1-16.

I. The Parable.

Read it; also ch. 19: 27-30.

- a. Spoken to explain, ch. 19: 30.
- b. Called out by Peter's question, ch. 19: 27.
- c. How much is "a penny?" (v. 2.) (See "Helps.")
- d. Explain the "hours" spoken of in vs. 3, 5, 6.

II Interpretation.

- a. "Householder,"—God, John 15: 1.
(1) Notice, God seeks workers, instead of the workers seeking him, John 15: 16.
- b. "Laborers,"—those willing to work for God, I Cor. 3: 9.
- c. "Vineyard,"—God's kingdom in all the world, Mark 16: 15.
- d. "Steward,"—Jesus, John 5: 22.
- e. Teaching of the penny is that all received a reward, or we all receive salvation